

A Poem in Praise
O F
MARRYING
F O R
LOVE.

*Fælices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula, nec malis,
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema Citius solvet amor die.
Ovid, Lib. 1. Ode 13.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by Hugh Newman, and sold at his Shop at the Grasshopper
in the Poultry. 1698.

A Poem in Prose
OF
MARRYING
FOR
LOVE

Written by C. Smith
2nd Edition revised Copy
Dedicated to the
Author of the
Gentle Art of
Loving

LONDON
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A

POEM

In PRAISE of

Marrying for Love.

WHat greater blessing can be given
From the Immenfest Stores of Heaven?
Heav'n, from whose boundless Treasures flow
All good we can possess below,
Then those Immortal Bonds that tie
Two Hearts with equal Amity.
When by Almighty Loves Direction
Both Souls Unite with like Affection.

B

How

How gently, and with what delight
 The swift-wing'd Minutes take their flight?
 Whilst they with mutual Loves contest
 T' advance their Common Interest,
 Striving each other to out-doe
 In Rapture and in Duty too:
 Or if Earth's short-liv'd blessings fade,
 And fickle Chance turns Retrograde,
 With equal Passions Sympathize
 In Crosses and Adversities;
 And by partaking of the Weight,
 Between 'em make the Burden light.

For what wou'd helpless Man have done,
 Had he been destin'd here alone?
 He'd ne're enjoy'd, without a Wife,
 The grand Advantages of Life;
 But rather had, untrim'd, and rude,
 Mop'd out an Age in Solitude.
 Besides, Mankind long since had come
 To its inevitable doom,
 Had slept in dark obscurity,
 And perish'd in its Infancy,

Had

Had Heav'n not sent so blest a Creature,
 To be the Treasure-House of Nature;
 And furnish out Supplies from th' Store,
 As fast as Time and Age devour.

This to th' Allwise Creator known,
 He pitti'd MAN shou'd be alone;
 And that his Bliss'es might not be
 Bound up in Incommunity;
 He rais'd for Help and Propagation,
 That After-Work of the Creation,
 That Polish'd, Curious Fabrick, WOMAN,
 To share the World's vast Stock in Common.
 WOMAN, on whom kind Heav'n dispenses
 More Lib'rally its Influences.
 In whose stupendious Features shine
 Mixtures of Humane and Divine;
 Deck'd with Seraphick Charms, and made
 The Pride and Glory of her HEAD.
 That his desires confin'd alone
 To her, whom Fate has made his own;
 Might, with redoubled Ardour blaze,
 Like Rays contracted in a Glass,

Whilst

Whilst she, with Pious Conduct, still
 Squares the Just Limits of his Will ;
 And studies, with delight and ease,
 Not how to Rule, but how to Please.

This was Heav'ns great design, and hence
 Did SACRED WEDLOCK first commence.
 A state not founded here below,
 But on th' Almighty's Will, and so
 Not subject to the Revolutions
 Of Humane fleeting Institutions ;
 B'unerring Wisdom form'd above,
 Th' engagement of Eternal Love ;
 And by Divine Indulgence sent
 To be the Crown of Man's Content ;
 Make light th' unpleasing weight of Trouble,
 And render Life's Enjoyments double.
 Nor do th' effects e're fail, unless
 It meets with Undesign'd success ;
 For that it answers not th' Intent,
 Only falls out by accident ;
 As when we take that Sacred Test,
 For By-self-ends, or Interest ;

Or

Or 'tis t'indulge our Senses done,
 And Lust, or Lucre drives it on ;
 For as the sweetest Wine, when sower,
 Becomes the sharpest Vinegar ;
 So when th' Enjoyment is once past
 Which mov'd, then held our Passions fast.
 LOVE strait departs, and in its stead
 Sorrow and Discontent succeed ;
 Which, like a Flame, long stifled, burns
 With double violence, and turns
 The Harmony of Nuptial Joys
 To Volleys of Eternal Noise ;
 Changes their Am'rous Sighs, and Whining,
 To constant Murmurs and Repining ;
 Their Raptures, and their Extacies,
 To Endless Fears, and Jealousies.

LOVE is a Passion of the Mind,
 That scorns to be by Force confin'd,
 And therefore struggles to get loose
 From ought, but what it self shall choose ;

For, as 'tis nobly born, and free,
 It only acts by simile.
 Delights to Match with like Conditions,
 But flies unequal Dispositions :
 And though 'tis now the only Fashion
 To force and bend the Inclination,
 To Trade for Marriage, and Disprove
 The Grand Prerogative of Love ;
 Yet if we rightly weigh the end on't,
 And duly pause upon th' event on't,
 Most, by Experience, find too late,
 Such Bargains prove Unfortunate.

Blest was that time, that happy Age,
 When Freedom was an Heritage,
 And when the Will was Arbitrary
 Where to refuse, or where to Marry :
 But now that Golden Freedom's lost,
 And we of nothing less can boast,
 Whilst th' avaritious Parents turn
 Their Childrens Factors e're they'r Born,

Provide

Provide their Cradled Infants Spouſes,
 And joyn in Wedlock Lands and Houſes;
 Huck for the other Hundred Pound,
 Or elſe th' Agreement falls to ground ;
 Both ſtriving to Enhance their Prizes,
 As in all other Merchandizes ;
 Till, when the Bargain's firmly driven,
 And all concluded on, and even,
 The Childiſh Pair are clapt together,
 Ere one has took a view of t'other,
 Muſt their unthinking Hearts ſurrender,
 That *Bags* and *Leaſes* may Ingender :
 Thus yoa'k'd, and joyn'd by th' hands in earneſt,
 They drudge on till by Death unharneſt.

Or if Maturer Age invade
 The *Heireſs*, ere the Contract's made,
 If riper years (perchance) ſhou'd move
 Her Heart, with gentle touch of *Love*,
 She's of her Liberty debarr'd,
 By Cloſe Confinement, or a Guard,

Left fond desire shou'd make her stray,
 And meanly cast her self away,
 Must loose her innate freedom, till
 'Tis suited with her Guardian's will;
 Who, prompted with **Officious** care,
 Trudges about to seek an *Heir*,
 And only he must be the choise
 That can her **Dowry** Counterpoise;
 Let him be Rude, Deform'd, or Tool,
 Luxurious, Prodigal, or Fool,
 No matter, so he can command
 The largest Sums, and fairest Land;
 VVhilst the **Illustrious** Sons of Art,
 Adorn'd wth Vertue and Desert,
 Are Scorn'd, Disdain'd, turn'd out of Door,
 And slighted only for being Poor.

These, through a gen'ral depravation,
 Are grown the **Customs** of the Nation,
 And those that use 'em, Men of Fashion.

VVhilst

Whilst with deluded vulgar Eyes
 They'r look'd upon as grave and wise,
 And are for such, by th' giddy Troop
 Of Fawning Parasites, Cry'd up ;
 Have still the thirst of GOLD upon 'em,
 And place in Wealth their *Summum Bonum* :
 Disdain their Race shou'd be confin'd
 To subtler Treasures of the Mind,
 But to the grosser Powers of Earth
 Devote their Off-spring at its Birth,
 And make their Seed, like that they came on,
 Pass through the Fire to Mighty MAMMON ;
 T'extend their Bounds, and cram their Purses,
 Load their Posterity with Curses.
 Others suppose the Minds satiety
 Consists in numberless variety,
 Hurry'd by Lust, are always roving,
 And ev'ry where pretend to Loving ;
 On all they meet let fly their Passion,
 Without Restraint or Limitation ;
 All Faces equally Admire,
 And all promiscuously desire :

Run through all hazards of the Night,
 T'indulge a boundless Appetite ;
 Expos'd to Threat'ning Dangers still
 Of Bully's Sword, or Watchman's Bill ;
 Colds, Surfeits, Bangs, Diseases, Pains,
 Exhausted Purfes, empty Brains ;
 Or forc'd by Settlement t' affwage
 In haft, th' Incens'd CUCKOLD's Rage.
 Till Health, and Patrimony's wasted,
 Youth fled, and Reputation blasted ;
 O'recharg'd at last with Debts and Sin,
 All Rags without, and Pox within ;
 Bereft of Friends, th' unhappy Fool
 Becomes the Publick Redicule ;
 Unpitty'd does his Fate Bewaile,
 In Ditch, or Hofpital, or Gaole ;
 Till thrust out by encroaching Fires,
 From her loath'd Cell his Soul retires,
 And Life's snuff in a stink Expires.

Heav'n

To the Marry'd for LOVE: DART

Heav'n has not thus (Blest Pairs) decreed for
Who for just ends *Loves sacred race* pursue, (you
While with united zeal your Hearts combine
B'increasing Man t'Advance the great Design,
With Wisdom's Rules you lawful Issue prop,
And in safe Pathsof Virtue bring 'em up ;
Instruct their youth, and teach 'em to fulfill
At once, your own, and their *Creator's* Will ;
Thus, well-inform'd, in just Obedience, they
Your Pious care with Usury repay ;
In riper years their *Principles* retain,
And pledges of Immortal Love remain.

Far from your seats intestine Feuds be gone,
Nor make you with the Sacred knot undone,
Nor Jealousies untwine, nor peals of Thunder
Shall rend your undivided Hearts in sunder.
But Peace, Content, and Joys that cannot be
E're found, but in Harmonious Unity,
Make this Life Heaven in Epitome.

Till

(12)
Till Crown'd with Age, and Honour, you retire
To pay that Tribute Nature does require,
Translated hence to those blest Seats above,
T'enjoy an unexhausted source of Love.

FINIS.

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